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THE CHERRIES BLOOM

By Rūta Skujiņa

In gardens cherries bloom, and May is near,
Two shores does separate green water clear.
Do cherries bloom in yonder side for you?
Where I to ask you — break a twig for me
And throw it in the foaming, greenish sea,
And trace your steps to shore with dimming night
To cover sea with cherry blossoms white —
I would be waiting with the dawning light
And watching waves as far as lets my sight.
I would not tell on what I trembling dote,
That in the waves white cherry blossoms float.
Why hesitate? Break, throw and throw again!
It's hard to wait in chilly dawn in vain.

Transl. by L. M.

JANIS KLAVSONS

His biographical sketch can be found in ZINTIS No. 2. Since Mr. Klavsons has published in "Modern Drama," Vol. 3, No.3, December, 1960 an article, called: *O'Neil's Dreamer: Success and Failure.*

A SHEPHERD'S CONFESSION

A short story by Jānis Klavsons

Oh, Lord, here, on the top of the mountain, I have fallen before Thee; my face covered, my face covered for shame that Thou couldst see me in my sin, and yet, Thou canst see me everywhere and in all disguises, and so my sin is in front of Thee even before it has been done, even when it is only contemplated. But let me here beseech Thy jugment, let me here ask Thy wisdom to help me since without it I do not understand myself or my sin.

Lord, as Thou knowest, I am a humble shepherd, journeying through the contryside with my flock of five sheep, feeding them wherever the prosperous, kind-hearted peasants permit me. Every morning, when waking, I have prayed to Thee, just as I have done every time when I have taken a meal and every evening before I have gone to rest. Before every festive day I have given sacrifices in praise of Thy name and Thy power. And Thy name has been praised not only by me, but aso by my parents and their parents who all have been shepherds just as I am.

There have been good years when the grass was heavy and fat, and my sheep could be sold easily, and I could live well on the money that I received for them. And there were also bad years when there was hardly any grass at all—it either burned in the sun or was destroyed by the water. And the little that remained the peasants guarded for themselves.

Lord, as Thou knowest, last year was a bad year, it was a very bad year. The grass burned black, and that which remained the sheep did not eat. And they were meager, hungry, and falling to the ground for lack of strength. And I was weary too. So we walked slowly on the dusty roads. And one evening, as we approached the gate of a weathy farmer the man came out from his house and said to me—"Shepherd, are you not weary and tired, and look at your sheep—they are almost falling off their feet for lack of food." And I answered that it was so even as he had said, and the wealthy man offered me shelter, and I thanked him and entered his house.

And remember, Lord, remember that night, remember how happy I was, and how I thanked Thee and promised Thee to be good and humble.

The next morning, just as I had taken my staff and was prepared to leave, the rich man's daughter came into the room. She was dark; her hair, her eyes were dark like the darkest earth, and her face was white as if washed in milk, and perhaps it had been, for her father was rich, and she was his only daughter. And she looked at me, she looked at me for a short while, and she asked me to stay. She asked her father if he had some work that I could do, and he

ooked at his daughter, smiled a little, nd then answered that he would hink about it.

And so, Lord, I stayed at the rich nan's house, and I guarded the rich nan's cows, and his horses, his sheep nd his pigs, and many servants sked me for advice and followed my ommands. And I grew stronger, just s my own sheep, which I did not orget to tend.

But the spring, Lord, brought me great surprise. The rich man came o me one day and spoke to me, looking into my eyes as if trying trying o see through them into my head. He said, "My daughter has seen you ften, my friend. My daughter says hat she cannot do anything but see ou often and more often. She says hat she likes your shyness and your umbleness, and that she likes you nore than she has ever liked either er horses or her jewels. She says hat she likes you even more than he adores me. My friend, stay at my ouse, and I will offer to you my aughter in marriage and with her ll my goods when I shall depart rom here."

And I was surprised and did not now what to say. Then, in a soft oice, I thanked him, and in came his aughter and looked at me kindly. And I lowered my eyes and said othing.

The household started to prepare or the wedding. The servants slew nany sheep, and pigs, and cows. They ressed me in new, colorful clothes, nd told me what an honor and what appiness I was destined to receive. And I lowered my eyes and blushed. And, Lord, I prayed to Thee, and said hat I was unworthy, and that my eart knew that I was unworthy and herefore did not rejoice as I thought t ought to have. But the morning f my wedding day came.

And, Lord, I do not know what appened to me. That morning I woke early, and I went out to the tream to wash myself and to prepare for the feast, and, after I had washed and prayed to Thee, I saw in the stream a young shepherd girl, a girl of the household whom I had seen many times, but never before I had seen her thus. She washed her feet in the stream, and water covered her body and ran down her limbs like rain. She did not see me, but I began to tremble, and I wanted to run away, but, Lord, some strange spirit had already taken power over me, and I did not run away from the place, but I ran toward the girl, I surprised her, but she did not scream for help. And then, Lord, I was no longer humble, I was no longer shy and slow, I became like a beast and acted without shame.

Soon some men came down to the stream. They discovered us, and took hold of us, and reported us to the rich man. He came and spoke angry words, none of which I remember, since I was too angry with myself and also confused about what I had done, not understanding the meaning of it and yet feeling it a part of me. They took away the shepherd girl and beat her, and she cried out, and her screams were joined by the cries of the rich man's daughter who looked at me all the time and wanted to touch my shoulders with her arms, but was pushed back by the men who held me. They asked me questions, but I did not hear them. I lowered my eyes and tried to speak to Thee, Lord, and find the answer to what I do not understand, but I could not find Thee. And so they waited, and then they let me go. And I departed quickly.

I walked for a long time, and I came to this mountain, and I fell on my mouth in front of the wind, and I am calling on Thee, Lord. Lord, come and destroy Thy servant, the servant who has sinned, and make dust of him, but make him understand why he has sinned. I do not know, Lord, I do not know, but Thou canst give me the answer.

MAN AMONG RUINS

By Pēteris Aigars

What is that strange man doing with his pick and shovel,
Why does he scan the ruins with such fevered eyes?
Encircling flames extinguished every living being —
Will he, who rakes the embers, also lose his life?

He digs where proud and stately buildings had been
standing,
Reduced to heaps of rubble by the night of fire;
Perhaps he still can hope to find lost friends beneath them,
Or does he seek the place where son or brother lies?

He pays no heed to time, he does not question others
How long he has to search this dreadful pile of stones
Until the sharp blade of his pick or daring shovel
Casts up a treasure which his heart can call its own.

A smokeless chimney towers high among the ruins.
A tree lifts naked branches to the sky, alone.
Desist! You cannot challenge fate, you strange defier!
You, too, will die and turn to ashes like this town!

But he, defiant, harvests sorrows from the wreckage
As though they were a sacred relic which he must reclaim;
He salvages the stones he needs, the sooty cross-beams,
And, in the wake of devastation, builds a house again.

He wrestles with himself, as hermits did before him;
His torch of prayer dispels the darkness of the night.
He throws a bridge of faith across the gulf of torment,
He finds his happiness where happiness had died.

Translated from the Latvian by Ruth Speirs

SUMMER, *Aquarelle.*

By Gunārs Saliņš

The trees burgeoned forth before the paint had yet dried,
their green and pink suffusing the summer's blue,
their branches blurred, commingling with clouds in the sky-
both these and the clouds may disperse, the wind in pursuit.

The soft yellow meadow and even the brown trunks of trees
may be blown away by the wind, and all will be gone:
grass and flowers, trees and the sky, leaving only a long
infinite vista of summer colours, inviting retreat.

The farmer's young wife, retreating, allures the eye
with her tight-fitting skirt of a succulent blueberry blue,
with her bodice black as two blackberries, rounded and full,
and a kerchief red as wild strawberries, brilliantly hued.

Beside her, a dark brown cow with a gleaming white flank,
full-uddered and plump, walks slowly home from the bull;
only the farmer's young wife and the cow will withstand
the whirling wind which makes phantoms of all else in sight.

Heavy, fulfilled, they will move through the colourful haze
of the summer's blue, the clouds, trees, flowers, and grass -
when the many-hued wind veers round, suddenly blowing across,
it will fling the smell of their salty sweat in my face.

Translated from the Latvian by Ruth Speirs

(From the cycle of poems: Pages from a Picture Calendar)

RUTH SPEIRS

By G. S. Fraser

As good critics are much rarer than good poets, so good translators are very, very much rarer than good original writers. A great deal of translation, for instance, in modern times, of scientific or philosophical works into English is done by German exiles in England, and such works in English therefore tend to read like a German talking English—ponderous, abstract, excessively wordy. The classical literature of Greece and Rome has been, very largely, translated in the last century or two into English by academic classical scholars; their prose tends to be dry and stilted, their verse in the style of the minor poets of their youth. Occasionally a genuine poet, like the American poet, Ezra Pound, who can use his own language in a vivid and sharp way, turns his attention to translation; and he will catch the rhythms, the vividness of imagery, of the languages he is transating from but will often make gross blunders about the sense. The English poet of the Restoration, John Dryden, said that if a translator had to be ignorant of one of the languages he was dealing with, it was better that he should be ignorant of the language he was translating from rather than the language he was translating into. Mrs. Ruth Speirs, to whom this brief article is devoted, was born in Latvia. Latvian is her native language; German is her second language, which she speaks and reads almost as a native. She also at school studied English, and, shortly before the Second World War, while still a very young woman, she married a Scotsman who was lecturing in Latvia for the British Council, John Speirs, himself a very distinguished scholar and

itic of Scottish literature and of nglish medieval literature. She has ved, since her marriage, among ome of the liveliest and most articu- te of English literary and scholarly rcles. She is a master or a mistress, the most sensitive and fastidious way, of three languages, three nguages in action, in a fashion hich must be very rare in the con- emporary world. And perhaps the reat quality of her translations, both nto prose and into verse, is that the aste and accuracy of the English she ranslates into reinforces one's confi- ence in her mastery of the German r the Latvian she translates from.

She could have been, indeed in a ense she is, the ideal English trans- ator of Rilke. I first came across her ilke versions in Egypt during the econd World War. Her husband was eaching at the Egyptian University Cairo, and I was a soldier, a not ery military one, stationed in Egypt, nd passionately interested in poetry. oughly twenty of Mrs. Speir's ver- ions of Rilke appeared in Middle ast periodicals during the war, or anthologies of Middle Eastern vriting; in **Citadel**, in **Personal Land- cape**, in the Palestinian Broadcasting orporation's **Forum**. There was also little paper-covered selection of her ranslations, published in Cairo (98 ages), which I used to posess and reasure, but have now, alas, lost. he poet Hamish Henderson wrote most enthusiastic tribute, in a sol- ier's magazine, to the beauty of her ranslations from Rilke. Later, be- ween 1944 and 1960, many transla- ions of poems of Rilke's by Mrs. peirs appeared in English and Ame- ican anthologies and periodicals: in **New Roads** (1944), in **Personal Land- cape** (1945, in **Atlantic Anthology**, dited by Nicholas Moore, (1947), in **Springtime**, edited by myself and the oet Iain Fletcher (1953), and most ecently—these are all anthologies—in **An Anthology of German Poetry from Hölderin to Rilke** (Doubleday Anchor, 1960). Other poems had appeared in weeklies like **The Listener** and **The New Statesman** or in month- lies or quarterlies devoted to poetry, like **Nine, Poetry London** (which pub- lished in sequence Mrs. Speir's ver- sions of all Rilke's elegies from the Castle of Duino), and others, and the BBC very fastidious Third Program also broadcast a number of Mrs. Speir's versions of Rilke in 1951. It would be difficult to find an informed English lover of poetry, with some knowledge of and taste for German poetry, who does not agree that Mrs. Speirs is a heaven-born translator of Rilke. What she translates becomes immediately extremely compelling English poetry, like this opening of the great **First Duino Elegy**:

> Who, if I cried out would hear me
> among the orders of angels? and
> even if one of them took me
> suddenly to his heart: I should
> fade in his stronger existence. For
> beauty is nothing but the beginning
> of terror we can scarcely bear,
> and we marvel at it because it
> calmly disdains to destroy us.
> Every angel is terrible ....

Alas, Mrs. Speirs has never been able to publish, in England or America, a collected volume of her Rilke trans- lations. Two other translators, Mr. J. B. Leishman and Mr. Stephen Spender, possess the copyright in England of the book publication of Rilke in translation till 1976. Mr. Leishman is a scholar, but perhaps not a poet, and Mr. Spender is a poet, but perhaps not a scholar. Their ver- sions, to me, are conscientious but not exciting, not exciting poetry, as Mrs. Speir's is, in English. In 1976 or 1977 (if we have not all blown ourselves to bits by then) perhaps we shall be able to compare her collected versions with theirs. One of the most thorough of English students of con- temporary European Literature, Mr.

J. M. Cohen, has stated firmly in his **History of Western Literature:** "The best Rilke translations, however, are those of Ruth Speirs."

Very fortunately, however, Mrs. Speirs has a clear field to herself in the translations of both stories and poems from her native language, Latvian. English readers, while having a traditional sympathy and love for small, oppressed European countries, have an equally traditional reluctance to learn their languages. It would not be inaccurate to say that for English and American readers lucky enough to have come across her versions of modern Latvian short stories, Mrs. Speirs is the creator of an idea of Latvian culture, or, more intimately, of the Latvian sense of the world. There is an earthy and direct quality in much of the prose and verse she translates from Latvian, strangely different from the brooding, withdrawing, unearthly quality of Rilke. To lovers of English pastoral poetry there is something familiar, as well as strange, in this stanza, as rendered by Mrs. Speirs, from "Summer, Aquarelle," a poem by the notable Latvian poet, Gunārs Salinš:

> The soft yellow meadow and even
> the brown trunks of trees may be
> blown away by the wind, and all
> will be gone: grass and flowers,
> trees and the sky, leaving only
> long infinite vista of summer
> colours, inviting retreat.

The time will come, perhaps, when Mrs. Speirs will have translated enough Latvian poetry to publish an anthology; and lovers of good English poetry, as well as exiled Latvians and students of the Latvian language look forward to that possibility.

Like all good translators, Mrs. Speirs has brilliant original literary gifts. Her letters, full of wit and gossip, are a delight to her friends; she keeps a kind of informal retrospective journal in which, from time to time, she writes mordant sketches of some of the odd characters whom she has met in a varied life. Some of these sketches are as witty as short stories by Oscar Wilde or by Saki. But she is not interested in making a literary reputation on her own account. She cares for the poetry of Rilke and for the modern literature of her native Latvia. And in the intervals of her busy life as a wife and mother, and as the centre of a circle of devoted literary friends, in her handsome eighteenth-century house on the salubrious heights of Highgate Hill in London, it is to translation that she devotes all her passion and her patient skill.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

G. S. Fraser is distinguished literary critic and poet, widely known in the English literary world. His most notable volumes of poetry include "Home Town Elegy," "The Traveller has Regrets" and "Leaves without a Tree." He has also published two well-known anthologies of verse, "Springtime" and "Poetry Now." Apart from his major critical works, "The Modern Writer and his World" and "Vision and Rhetoric," he has written a large number of critical essays (on Yeats, Ezra Pound, Milton, Macaulay, etc.) which have been published in various literary quarterlies and magazines. Mr. Fraser ir also known for the excellence of his critical articles and book reviews in The Times Literary Supplement, The Spectator, The New Statesman, etc. He holds the post of Lecturer in Literature at the University of Leicester, England.

ONLY YOU

By Māra Lācis

Vaguely before me
Unravel foggy
Forms, shapes, shades,
Unhinge from yesteryear
Sounds, voices, music,
Silence whispering loud
Of nothing,
Nothing,
Only you.

The smell of raindrops,
Lazy raindrops,
The taste of laughter,
Taste of smiles,
The din of longing,
Sound of you.
Ah, it was nothing,
Nothing,
Only you.

YOU AND I

Knuts Lesiņš

We always shall be parted, you and I,
Alone like trees which, in their longing, try
To reach each other as their branches sway,
Tossed by the wind, now close, now far away.

In momentary closeness, we've begun
To feel united by love's magic, yet
It only was a trembling golden thread
That spanned our distance, woven by the sun.

We cannot tell our own beginnings. When
The dark of night draws near, and when the day
Which ever stood between us, falls away—
Will our two shadows reach each other then?

Translated by Ruth Speirs

By Kārlis Neilis, Madonna with Child, Oil

KĀRLIS NEILIS

The editors of magazine ZINTIS, continuing the tradition begun in the last issue, take the pleasure in introducing to you another Latvian artist, painter Kārlis Neilis.

K. Neilis was born in 1906; and in 936 he graduated from the Latvian Academy of Art. Neilis now lives in xile, near Salzburg, Austria, and an be considered to be one of the nost accomplished Latvian painters, having a typically distinct face of his wn to show.

In a recent interview with Mr. J. Krēsliņš, published in the Latvian nagazine "Jaunā Gaita" (No.27), the rtist tells us that in a painting he vishes to show the unusual, the unxpected and the odd. "In an unlooker ny painting should kindle the pleasntly arousing feeling, which, perhaps, is experienced by an archaeolorist, when standing in front of thouand year old open graves," says Mr. Neilis. "The pleasantly arousing eeling is all. This guides my paintng technique and manner, which was vell typified by the Austrian art criic, Dr. Klier when he named it the rossing of the spheres. This could be etter compared with a symphonic rchestra or a chorus, when several nelodies fuse into one, well defined ound. The same is true in my paintngs where the motifs intertwine one nother and yet create a united whole.

Painter Kārlis Neilis loves to combine the abstract with the visionary. He depicts unfinished forms and figures, crosses them in many planes and makes the viewer's mind aware of the necessity to proceed with the solving of these incomplete but colorful images or patterns, as if his paintings were short stories or poems where one must read between the lines.

When Neilis was still in Latvia, he belonged to a group of "rebel" painters who couldn't be reconciled with the artistic demands made by the older generation's masters. They were obsessed by a rebellious spirit. Painter Neilis doesn't believe in nationalistic art; any artist, if he has chosen a particular country as his home, can become a producer of that country's art. Mr. Neilis, nevertheless is a Latvian painter. Not long ago he took part in an exhibition where the press and radio (in Austria) gave the artist a special notice, and identified him to be a true Latvian who shows his country's intensely bright and colorful tones and who stands out as an original painter.

Staff

Three Women, Oil, By K. Neilis

By K. Neilis, Still Life by a Window, Oil

By K. Neilis, A Woman, Oil

In U.S. Neilis is unknown, but his paintings have appeared in New York, Los Angeles, and Chicago. After one exhibition held in California, the well known writer, himself an artist, Anšlavs Eglītis, paraphrasing him, wrote: Neilis has reached a point in his development where he has left the realistic, at times the dark and arrived at the symbolic, the sheer decorative, abstract, i.e. half abstract play of colors. He looks for the middle road between abstract art and the primitive Indian, Egyptian and the Greek periods.

By K. Neilis, Untitled, Oil

CRETAN, Oil, By Kārlis Neilis

ANSLAVS EGLITIS
Translated by Ruth Speirs

The Best Seller

Even outside his immediate circle of followers and disciples, there were many who regarded Milford Percy Donegall not only as a writer of genius but also as one of the most refined and cultured personalities of our century. He was the last representative of a famous, very learned family which could boast of having produced a great number of professors, physicians, and eminent churchmen.

Tall and stately, with an attractive silvery sheen in his plentiful hair, and his sensitive but well-defined features emanating a calm, assured dignity, Donegall presented an impressive appearance. Celebrities often avoid and despise society, but Donegall was a pleasant exception. In fact, it surprised his admirers how readily this brilliant personage accepted their invitations. Socially, Donegall was most agreeable; his hostess was always delighted with his excellent appetite, and he never entered into heated arguments about art. If some ill-bred guest importuned him with tactless questions, Donegall soon put him in his place with a tolerant smile or a good-natured little joke.

Among close friends and followers Donegall spoke with great readiness, but he did not like to be interrupted or to have the flow of his thought obstructed by questions. His discourse included and anticipated everything a disciple, a layman, or the uninitiated could possibly ask him; they only had to understand, feel, and interpret his words correctly. It was hardly his fault if the common crowd could not follow the soaring flight of his ideas. Unfortunately, the crowd very rarely rose to those heights; to put it plainly, it never kept pace with him at all. A curious thing happened when Donegall spoke. He had a beautiful resonant baritone voice, vibrant with feeling. This captivating voice, the play of emotions on his noble features, and the melodious cadences of his flamboyant oratory so fascinated his listeners that they soon lost the thread of his argument. But they never failed to be profoundly impressed, even stunned, by his inspired fervor and deep solemnity.

People left such gatherings feeling cleansed of all earthly impurities and elevated to a higher level of intellectual perception. They quickly forgot the slight uneasiness that had beset them when they lost their way in the maze of Donegall's glorious phraseology; after all, there was no reason why they should not gain a firmer grasp of the whole matter on some future occasion—especially if they were fortunate enough in the meantime to develop spiritually and mature emotionally. Besides, if any newcomer were immediately to understand everything he said, Donegall could obviously not have been a genius or even a man of striking originality.

Donegall wrote in the same manner as he spoke. His fat volumes made an even greater impression than his oratory. There was a tumult of dark passions in his books, unbridled, unfathomable, rooted in the unknown and reaching out into the subconscious. Love was so powerful that it deflected the sun from its course and retarded the lunar phases. Sufferings were so profound that the earth groaned in sympathy and shuddered to its very core. Hatred was so fierce that it inflamed the firmament to a red-hot glow like a furnace. By the time the hapless reader had reached the end of one of Donegall's novels he was bathed in cold perspiration and his eyes protruded like a lobster's. Sometimes he literally collapsed across the last pages of the book. The only thing that saved him from irremediable despair was the fact that he was never quite sure which of the superhuman characters in the novel had loved and suffered, and which had hated and undergone great agonies of mind, and why. Even Donegall's most fervent admirers recoiled at the thought of reading the book a second time and again exposing their nerves to its shattering impact.

Donegall certainly was famous, though only within the narrow circle of his admirers. A well-known critic referred to him as the profoundest and noblest spirit of the age; a few others called him the Abstruse Heraclitus of our times; but all the rest cautiously gave his books a wide berth. As a result, Donegall's works were published only in limited editions, to be bought by aesthetes and literary-minded society ladies.

Donegall made no secret of it that he wrote for future generations of discerning readers with lofty minds and delicate sensibilities. He could afford to ignore the contemporary public: he had inherited some stocks and shares which provided him with a comfortable income. In other words, he could afford those limited editions for quite a long time.

Unluckily, for some inexplicable reason, money began to lose its value. At first this happened in impoverished, war-devastated countries, then the

wealthier countries were also affected, and finally even the evergreen American dollar, that currency of currencies, perceptibly depreciated in value. Donegall's income dwindled from day to day, and the moment came when he was faced with a difficult decision: either to stop having only limited editions of his works, or to increase his income by some other means.

He tried the first alternative. With desperate inspiration he wrote a novel which loyal critics acclaimed with greater enthusiasm than ever. But even most of the copies numbered by the author himself and embellished with his graceful signature remained on the shelves of the bookshops.

There was nothing left to Donegall but to try and supplement his income in some other way.

People who did not know all the circumstances could never understand how the noblest and profoundest spirit of the century could have married such a deplorable creature as Pixy. Nobody dared even hint at her origins. She came from an orphanage and had, supposedly by extremely dubious means, worked her way up to the ownership of a small, nondescript hotel. Her lack of education was disastrous. She was apt to use the coarsest slang of the streets, and everybody winced when she was about to open her mouth at some social gathering. Pixy may not have been exactly a fool, but her expressions were so crude and her remarks so embarrassingly uninhibited that Donegall's lady friends and admirers wrung their hands in despair. Could there be a greater irony of fate than that the most illustrious spirit of the age should be married to that primitive wretch?

His friends and followers vowed they would never set foot in his wife's hotel, and they only changed their minds when they discovered that Mrs. Donegall provided her guests with simple but substantial meals instead of those tiny titbits, barely enough to feed a bird, and those watery iced beverages customarily proffered in intellectual and refined circles. Pixy certainly was not clever, but in her plain, homely manner she was pleasant to everybody and, on the whole, knew how to keep inconspicuously in the background. But, even so, she remained an ugly blot on Donegall's life history.

Sadly enough, to quote the great Donegall's words in one of his most famous novels, "the piercing arrows of unreasoning fate, in their wanton, all-engulfing lust for destruction, spare neither the humble nor the great, nor even the greatest and most illumined spirits among us." The distinguished novelist was carried off by a vulgar disease of the bladder. He passed away in the full flowering of his genius, leaving his widow destitute and in despair.

Donegall had himself financed the publication of several of his latest books; during his prolonged illness he had been attended by famous doctors who had performed expensive but quite unnecessary operations on him; and, finally, he had had a magnificent funeral. The expense cost Pixy her hotel.

Pixy was no longer young, and she did not feel strong enough to plunge once again into the uncertainties of hotel business. Grateful to fate for having granted her a few years in the best and most enlightened circles, she settled down to a very modest, frugal existence.

The only adornment of her narrow little room in the suburbs was a shelf filled with her late husband's luxuriously bound volumes. She never read them because she had long ago realized that the flutterings of her limited intelligence could not keep pace with the assured wingbeat of her husband's spirit. She had never got beyond the first page of any of his books. Even then she had sat for long stretches of time, the book lowered to her lap, desperately but vainly trying to understand what it was all about.

Apart from his novels, Pixy had inherited several enormous, richly ornamented, and very heavy scrapbooks. They contained literally every article, review, notice, and announcement that had appeared in any newspaper or magazine mentioning Milford Percy Donegall. Her husband had industriously collected all those cuttings and pasted them in, always carefully underlining his name in red.

In addition, a whole corner of Pixy's room was taken up by a large wooden chest filled with her late husband's personal records—a variety of notes and memoranda, diaries, letters from admirers, and copies of letters by the great man himself. Donegall had providently preserved every word he had ever put on paper. He had composed all his private letters with an eye to the future, certain that eminent scholars and literary critics would in due course diligently study and analyze them for the benefit of posterity and that large volumes of his published letters would form a substantial addition to his Collected Works.

One day, out of sheer boredom, Pixy rummaged in that wooden chest and found an almost completed manuscript of an unpublished novel. There was nothing to show whether it was one of Donegall's earlier novels or his last one, and whether it was merely unfinished or had been discarded as unsatisfactory. Donegall had never spoken to his wife about literary matters, and it would certainly not have entered his mind to discuss any unfinished work with her.

Pixy knew that a deceased author's relatives usually published everything they could lay hands on, even if it did not make much sense. Besides, she was sure that nothing which had come from the pen of a genius could be entirely worthless. She decided to try to publish the manuscript.

In publishing it, she would accomplish three things: she would add luster to her beloved husband's memory, she would transmit a priceless literary heritage to future generations, and she might perhaps even receive some small payment in return. She was badly in need of money, and there surely was a reasonable hope that people would buy a well-known writer's last work more eagerly than they had bought his previous ones. Pixy approached the publisher who had brought out most of Donegall's books, and she met with a ready response.

Unfortunately, the manuscript was extremely difficult to read. Things had been crossed out, altered, and altered again. Corrections were superimposed on corrections. Long passages had to be inserted at various points in the text, each marked in accordance with a complicated system of numbers and letters. Donegall had spared no pains, shaping and reshaping his sentences and elaborating his style until it met with his approval. Besides, he had always refused to type his manuscripts. He despised typewriters, convinced that they mechanized all thought and that their odious dry clatter imparted a prosaic dullness and triteness even to the most inspired lines. In his endeavor to keep up with the rapid flight of his changing moods and emotions, Donegall had written at such speed that his handwriting was practically illegible. No printer would ever have been able to decipher it. The manuscript had to be put in order and neatly typed before it could be handed to the publisher.

In the good old days of hotel management Pixy used to type all the bills. Being anything but lazy, she now produced her ancient dusty typewriter from its hiding place and settled down to work. The task ahead of her did not strike her as wholly disagreeable. In the past, the writing of business letters had been a source of enjoyment to her rather than an irksome duty, and she had sometimes even taken the liberty of enlivening her correspondence by adding some quiet little joke. But to prepare a valuable and important manuscript for publication was a very different matter. Her hands trembled when she opened the folder and began her work.

It took her over an hour to restore order among the corrections, alterations, and insertions on the first page. At last the following text began roughly to take shape:

The night slowly fades, and a mysterious mother-of-pearl dawn glimmers tremulously through curtains of costly Brussels lace, casting a miraculous tracery of delicate shadows over a luxurious bed on which there reposes a strange, singularly gifted, rich, and eccentric youth, Dr. Michel de St. Bayeaux, the celebrated astrophysicist who has devoted his life and the superb powers of his intellect to the unravelling of the enigma of the universe. Fitful shadows, fraught with destiny, flicker across the manly beauty and classic purity of his pallid features as, waxing in splendor, the triumph of morning unfolds and the golden trumpets of the rising sun herald the mystic birth of a new day, jubilantly proclaiming the eternal cycle of rejuvenation. The world rejoices at the promiseful tidings, and the learned, beautiful youth is roused from his slumbers, waking, alas, not to unclouded joy but to the torment of a strange, indefinable inner discontent. He feels weary in spirit and worn in body, and his noble brow, white as alabaster and delicately veined at the temples, is hot and heavy to his gentle touch. His slender fingers, sensitive as a violinist's, tremble as a strange emptiness stirs within him, pulsing against his frame. A dull weight of pain descends upon him, crushing his body and burdening his mind, and although the agonies of his spirit are as yet inarticulate, as yet confined to the subconscious, the youth is seized by feverish disquietude, premonitions of evil, the dark fear of the unknown, and its consequences.

Pixy read the page once, twice, and a third time. Never before had she so wholeheartedly immersed herself in her husband's writings. She had a vague feeling that something quite simple and human might eventually emerge from underneath those lavish embellishments and puzzling emotions. The hapless widow's head grew hot with her exertions and threatened to burst, but she still could not understand anything she had read. She would long have abandoned her whole project out of sheer exhaustion and hopeless bafflement if there had been no money at stake.

Pixy was a simple soul, and it was not surprising that her husband's intellectual friends despised her. True enough, she was dull-witted, and art for art's sake did not inspire her with any enthusiasm. But she had known hard times, and now that art held out a promise of some small pecuniary gain she became possessed of almost superhuman powers of perseverance. She turned to the second page of the manuscript, hoping it might furnish her with some clue to the mystery of the first page.

The astrophysicist, racked by dread and dark forebodings, is suddenly struck by a lightning flash of insight, and he shudders, overwhelmed by a convulsion of violent feeling. Searing shame envelops him like a heavy purple cloak as he sinks down

Continued page 29

Riga in the 17th Century.

RĪGA ...THE HEART OF LATVIA

Riga is the third largest city on the northern Baltic sea coast. Old Riga, which is situated on the NE side of the river Daugava was founded by Latvian tribes long before the advent of Teutonic crusaders, who established themselves there in 1201 A.D. Old Riga became one of the Hanseatic ports, the seat of the ecclesiastical state (Latvia & Estonia) called Terra Marina in 1215 under Pope Innocent III. The city grew fast and absorbed many influences. Presently Riga has over 600,000 inhabitants.

We are pleased to show you some drawings and photographs of the heart of Latvia—Old Riga. In the accompanying map of Old Riga, the structures shown in dark are architectural and historical monuments; for identification of individual structures, refer to the numerical key provided. ZR

Plan of Old Riga

Ri

The Most Important Buildings of Historical Interest

1 — Riga Castle (14th century.)
2 — State Academic Theatre of Dramatic Art
3 — Mater Dolorosa Church (18th)
4 — Anglican Church
6 — Medieval Living Houses "The Three Brothers" (15th)
7 — Mary-Magdalen's Church
8 — St. Jacob's Church (13th)
10 — Armory (19th)
12 — "Swedish Gate" (17th)
13 — Town Fortification Walls (13)
14 — Powder or Sand Tower (14th)
15 — Monument of Freedom
16 — Medical Institute
19 — "Small Guild-Hall' (19th) —
20 — "Large Guild-Hall" (16th)
23 — Living-House (18th cent.)
24 — Dome Cathedral (13th), Riga
26 — Mansion of Peter the First.
27 — Polytechnical Institute
28 — House of Dannenstern (17th)
29 — St. Peter's Church (13th).
30 — St. John's Church (14th)
31 — Convent of Ekk (15th)
32 — St. George's Church (13th)
33 — Theatre of Dramatic Art
35 — Fundamental Library
28 — Hotel "Riga"
41 — Opera & Ballet Theatre
49 — Warehouses (17th)
50 — House of Reitern (17th)
51 — Reformed Church (18th)

A ✱ V ✱ A

Old Cit

A Street in the Old Cit

Medieval Powder Tower

The Castle of Riga

St. Mauritius House (1334)

Growing Riga
during the days
of independence.

Towards Aspaziya
Boulevard

A View towards
Freedom Boulevard and
the Statue of Liberty

Roland, Drawing by S. Vidbergs

SIGN SINISTER

Veronika Strēlerte

Whereas my country's visage I behold,
My body shudders with forebodings dire:
Are Horsemen Three, once more, in ghoulish ire,
To ride these acres pledged to sheaves of gold?

Would this our Sun, the charioteer of old,
Dismayed or anxious, check his steeds of fire?
Would yonder elk, his antlers cleaving briar,
His nostrils scenting plague, forsake his world?

Alas, for agony, anguish, grief and pain
To purge our tainted blood, lest—all in vain!—
We forfeit our demesne and even breath!

The ghostly Writ of Fate is entered soon:
In spectral dusk there looms a pallid Moon —
Sign sinister—Emblazonry of Death!

Translated by J. Burtnieks.

HUMAN LIFE

By Tsutomu Fukuda

The flowers of the soul
The leaves of the body,
They are swaying in the breeze.
And no one knows at all,
Where the breeze is coming from.

The withered leaves of the body,
The hale flowers of the soul,
They are swinging in the wind,
But no one knows at all,
Where the wind is going to.

into his pillows and with merciless self-torture recalls what had passed in the night that was gone. Having in vain endeavoured to drown his *Weltschmerz*, his sorrow at life's futility, in champagne, he had returned from the city's most expensive nightclub to his mansion in which exquisite taste and luxury reigned, and there, beneath the Venetian chandelier, in a corner of the marble hall which enshrined a priceless treasure, a magnificent fourteenth-century Mantovan suit of armour, he had succumbed to a fateful, inexorable upsurge of passion. Indeed, Michel de St. Bayeaux had clasped unto himself a chaste, fragile, unresisting female form, the somber black of whose attire was relieved but by a small white apron, and his hands, strong as the paws of a young leopard, had almost strangled her as he imperiously kissed her cool, full lips.

Not dissimilar from the astrophysicist's lightning flash of insight, a spark of inspiration suddenly kindled in Pixy's tormented mind. She could scarcely believe it yet, but it seemed to her that she at last understood everything. The key to the mystery lay in the reference to the city's most expensive nightclub. Pixy knew life, especially hotel life. Anxious not to lose the thread, she hurriedly typed the following short version of what she had gleaned:

Mike, the physicist, awoke in a bad temper. His head ached, and he felt a pressure in his chest. He suffered from a hang-over. Ashamed, he lay back in his bed, remembering that he had kissed the maidservant when he came home from a bar the night before.

Pride and joy brought out beads of perspiration on Pixy's brow. She was not so stupid after all! Indeed, she was perfectly able to understand her famous huband's novel. With growing excitement she continued her task, deciphering his handwriting, putting everything she understood into short, concentrated sentences, and quickly typing it out.

Suddenly, with a bittersweet pang, Pixy realized that the novel was about herself and her late husband. With a fine disregard for fact, the great artist had deliberately re-created much of his material. The learned, noble, and celebrated astrophysicist was depicted as fabulously rich, whereas the slow-witted but kindly maidservant was as poor as a church mouse. Kissing, love-making, and other noteworthy incidents had been transferred from Pixy's modest hotel to the astrophysicist's incredibly luxurious mansion. Nevertheless, the novel was certainly the love story of the great Donegall and humble, foolish Pixy. Quite possibly, this was the reason why it had never been published.

The widow drew a deep, proud breath, wiped away a tear, and diligently

applied herself to the manuscript. Now she had not the slightest doubt that she would understand everything and follow the story right through to the end. —After the inadvertent but fateful kiss, the fantastically wealthy and fantastically noble-minded astrophysicist feels that he cannot abandon the poor maiden to grief and sorrow. Out of compassion and humane kindness he commits himself to further, more serious intimacies with her. This gives rise to frenzied, almost murderous hatred and jealousy on the part of his aged parents, his betrothed and her parents, and numerous friends. Tumult and commotion engulf everybody concerned. —It was not easy for Pixy to unravel the plot from the thick tangle of passion, love, hatred, madness, interventions of fate, and cosmic repercussions. But by means of hard work, perseverance, feminine intuition, and some imagination, she did not do too badly.

Pixy liked the novel very much indeed. But she could not understand why the astrophysicist continually referred to himself as a profound and tragic philosopher. There was nothing to substantiate such a claim. All he did was sigh now and again, saying, "Why does everything in the world happen in this way, and not another? Where is the end and the beginning of it all?" Pixy thought that these were perfectly ordinary questions which inevitably occurred to everybody at some time or other. She herself had also frequently pondered over such things, especially after her husband's death, but it had never entered anybody's mind to call her a philosopher.

The descriptions of the infinitely loving, kindhearted, and clinging maidservant drew many a sigh from Pixy, but she was annoyed with the girl's excessive humility. She would have liked to see her pluck up her courage and do something of her own accord just for once.

The final episodes caused the tenderhearted widow acute distress. Persecuted, scorned, ridiculed, and tormented by infamous relatives and friends, the astrophysicist and the maidservant realize that life on this earth holds out no hope for them. They decide to lie down together on a powerfully radioactive bed. Instantly consumed by blue flames, they are united forever, in death and in eternity.

Pixy could not bear to have such a good and decent girl as the maidservant die that terrible, undeserved death. It was bad enough that Donegall had made her out to be as poor as a beggar, but to kill her in such a barbarous manner was really too much. Pixy felt she had the right to speak up for herself. She took her courage in both hands, discarded Donegall's final chapters, and substituted her own version: the maidservant tells the physicist's friends, his betrothed, his parents, and his former ladyloves to mind their own busi-

ness; she marries the hopelessly confused and irresolute Mike, and they live happily ever after.

Now that she understood the whole novel and had neatly typed it out in short, clear sentences, Pixy had to retype the manuscript in the heavily ornate style of the original, inserting all the aesthetical and philosophical embellishments she had omitted. Her heart sank when she thought of that enormous labor. Yet, having a strong sense of duty, she might have sat at her typewriter until she collapsed if she had not suddenly received a letter from the publisher.

He wrote that he had to have Donegall's manuscript within a week, or not at all. Sales were very slow, and business was steadily deteriorating. If conditions did not improve, publishing firms would have to close down and books would disappear forever from the cultural scene. It was only on the first anniversary of Donegall's death that there was a chance of his novel being published without too heavy financial losses. "After a year, or a year and a half, the thoughtless crowd forgets even the greatest genius and most illustrious protagonist of eternal beauty," wrote the publisher, who had acquired rather a flowery style, having spent all his life among books. "Only an extremely costly large-scale advertising campaign can then lure the public back into buying a deceased author's works. But, owing to a lack of means, I find myself unable to embark upon such a project."

Pixy was profoundly distressed. It was quite impossible to reintroduce Donegall's lavish style into her typescript within a mere week, even if she were to pound her typewriter for twenty-four hours a day. But when she glanced at her own version of the novel it seemed to her that it read rather well and was very easy to understand. Abbreviated novels were nothing unusual. Besides, Pixy was lamentably short of money. At last she decided that even to add only as much luster to her husband's memory as present circumstances permitted was better than to do nothing at all. She made some final corrections and alterations and sent her typescript to the publisher.

The instantaneous success of the novel surprised everybody. The critics unanimously declared that Donegall, formerly complex and obscure, had towards the end of his life cast aside his polychromatic mode of expression and had adopted a fluent melodiousness. Indeed, in his last novel he had discarded his elaborate style and had returned to the simple, natural speech of the people. Significantly, the master had in his final act of self-realization achieved complete fusion between the essence and appearance, between the individual and the whole, between oneness and plurality. Victoriously emerg-

ing from the nihilistic hell of sterile pessimism, he had attained the goal of constructive happiness. This was conclusively evidenced by the triumphantly happy ending of his last novel.

There was only one critic who disapproved of the novel. He had all his life extolled Donegall's abstruseness, and now he bitterly complained that this great genius had in his old age betrayed the ideals of his youth in order to curry favor with the crowd. But his lament was drowned in the jubilant choir of general acclaim.

Even more important than the favorable reviews was the fact that Donegall's novel sold extraordinarily well. After three months it was already in its second edition. Now Donegall's previous works also began to reappear in the windows of the bookshops. They remained there, however, because the public obstinately refused to buy anything but his last novel.

The publisher, seeing how matters stood, asked Pixy to re-examine Donegall's private papers most carefully in case there were some fragments or notes among them which had previously escaped her attention and might now be published. Any piece of writing in Donegall's latest style was worth a great deal of money. Very obligingly he offered to put a whole staff of experts at her disposal, to help her sift Donegall's papers. He was most indignant when she resolutely refused to grant anybody, even the most well-disposed critics, any access to her late husband's private records.

While the newspapers angrily accused Donegall's widow of thoughtlessness, unnatural jealousy, or plain stupidity because she kept the great author's possessions to herself, she diligently studied every scrap of paper she could find in that big wooden chest in her room. Donegall's diaries only contained descriptions of celebrations and parties given in his honor, the names of prominent guests, and exact quotations of their gratifying references to his works. His large, bulky notebooks were filled with detailed analyses of the flattering reviews his books had received, and vigorous refutations of reviews that had been unfavorable or impartial. Donegall's letters were also rather a disappointment to her. True enough, they were in his usual rich style, but they struck Pixy as ponderously didactic and full of tedious generalizations.

Fortunately, Donegall had preserved all the letters he had received from female admirers. Lightheaded girls had written him all kinds of absurd nonsense; women in maturer years had effusively indulged in reminiscences and fantasies; jealous ladies had scolded, reproached, and pleaded; the pious ones had implored him to return to God and join the religious sect to which they happened to belong themselves.

Pixy thought she might use those reminiscences, fantasies, and absurdities in a description of a whole crowd of admirers who had surrounded the great novelist in his bachelor days. But all those girls, middle-aged women, and old ladies soon began to lose their separate identities and merge into a single crazy female of indeterminable age. This composite creature, an incredible mixture of opposites, was alternately possessed by carnal desire and by extreme piety. Desperately, with all the means at her disposal, she fought for the love of the serene sage.

Pixy's work was far more difficult than it had been at the time when she simplified Donegall's own manuscript. But she had already gained a little experience and, even more important, she had faith in her ability. Barely six months had passed when Pixy called on the publisher and handed him a newly found manuscript of a novel by Donegall. The publisher instantly forgot their differences and quarrels about her late husband's private papers.

The success of Donegall's second posthumous novel surpassed even that of the first one. It was immediately sold out, a second and third edition quickly followed, and the novel was translated into Italian, Dutch, Swedish, and Estonian. The critics recognized with increasing clarity the author's new artistic ideals. They drew particular attention to the fact that his latest style was even more limpid, supple, and tastefully popular than it had been in his previous novel, and that it at times enchanted the reader with its lucid simplicity. Above everything else, forgetting synthesis, essence, and totality, the critics were enthusiastic about the unfathomable depths of Donegall's understanding of a loving woman's heart with all its illogicalities, contradictions, and absurdities.

Again, a storm of abuse burst over the unreasonable widow's head. She was violently reproached for her criminal refusal to transfer the famous novelist's private records to the National Museum where they might be sifted and analyzed by the country's leading literary experts and scholars. Loud voices demanded that the old fool should be declared insane and that her late husband's property should be placed under a trusteeship.

In the meantime, hardly ever leaving her room, Pixy unremittingly worked on yet another novel. All the material was exhausted, and she had to rely solely on her own limited abilities and on the memories of her melancholy childhood at the orphanage and her checkered career as a maidservant in hotels, restaurants, and bars. Pixy soon realized that a writer's art could at times be extremely tricky. She often reached a complete deadlock, incapable of producing a single sensible thought. In that frame of mind, any solution or

development in her narrative struck her as insufferably boring, commonplace, or quite inane. Poor Pixy felt like knocking her head against the wall to make some sudden idea tumble out of her shaken brain, the way a silent radio can sometimes be brought back to life by violent jolting. The only thing that saved her from utter collapse and despair was the knowledge that she was working for the sake of her husband's memory and fame.

After six months of gruelling labor, a worse time than she had experienced in her youth when she opened her small suburban hotel entirely on credit, Pixy again visited the publisher. Rather nervous, she timidly placed a newly discovered manuscript of an unpublished novel by Milford Percy Donegall on his table.

The publisher stared at her, speechless with amazement. But he quickly pulled himself together and called for the managers of the printing and bookbinding departments and for the chief illustrator. Everything possible was to be done to get the book into print in time for Christmas.

In due course, the book appeared. In this novel, the author's astonishing versatility was at last fully revealed as it showed his intimate knowledge not only of intellectual circles and high society but also of the gray, dreary lives of the poor and humble. The largest book club chose the novel as its Book of the Month, and it became one of the most successful best sellers ever published. It went into many editions and was translated into a variety of languages. The biggest Hollywood studios fought for the film rights; it was made into a stage drama and later into a musical, and was performed all over the country. Donegall's fame was securely established: he had become a popular writer in every sense of the word.

On the third anniversary of the novelist's death, a solemn commemoration ceremony, organized by Donegall's publisher, took place in the main hall of the National Museum. The specially invited audience represented the world of art and letters. Donegall's gleaming bust of gilded bronze stood in a prominent position, flanked by evergreen laurel bushes. Its tall pedestal of pink marble, festooned with laurel wreaths and silk ribbons imprinted with gold lettering, was almost hidden from view by a profusion of roses, lilies, and chrysanthemums.

Donegall's friends and lady friends, his disciples and admirers, listened with bowed heads to the mournful music and the laudatory speeches. Eminent literary personages discoursed upon the master's immortal art and his fleeting sojourn upon this earth. What a perverse fate that beloved writer had suffered! Singular modesty and exaggerated self-criticism had prevented

him from publishing his last works whose profundity and stark realism were to bring him the greatest fame. If these novels, discovered only after his death, had appeared during his lifetime, they would have saved him endless worry and vexation. In fact, the great novelist would never have suffered financial hardship and (the speakers only implied this, but everybody understood what they meant) he would not have had to demean himself by marrying Pixy. The speakers did say quite bluntly, though, that Mrs. Donegall had never been able to appreciate her husband's greatness, and they reproached her for still hoarding his private papers and debarring all literary experts from access to them.

Pixy knew perfectly well what Donegall's friends thought of her. Nevertheless, she attended the commemoration ceremony. She seated herself close to the entrance, at some distance from all the others. Folding her hands in her lap she listened respectfully to the speeches. Pixy's fur coat was ostentatiously expensive, she wore too much jewelry, and her scent was too obtrusive. A whisper went round the audience: Donegall's shameless widow, battening on his success, had come to show herself off! Poor Donegall had not in the least profited by marrying a woman of some means; on the contrary, it was that vile, illiterate wretch who had made her fortune by marrying him! For a moment, the crowd was so overcome with indignation that Pixy might have been told to leave the hall if the first solemn chords of a hymn had not been sounded on the organ.

Pixy listened to the sad, beautiful music. Being a sensitive creature she was easily moved, and tears began to trickle down her cheeks, which had become pale and hollow in those long nights she spent at her typewriter. But when she heard the speakers extolling Donegall's last three novels and hurling reproaches at his refractory widow, a strange little smile appeared on her thin lips. The seeming complacency and arrogance of that smile so infuriated the company that everybody pointedly turned his back on her.

But there was one man who could not tear his eyes away from Pixy. He was the publisher. Her queer smile fascinated him, though he did not know himself why it should affect him so strangely. But he had for a great number of years guided the affairs of his publishing house, and he had learned not only to obey the dictates of reason but also to heed his intuition; if he had not done so he might have gone bankrupt long ago. A vague suspicion formed in his mind as he looked at Pixy, and it crystallized into a thought so strange and yet so simple that he could not understand why it had not struck him before. A discreet little smile dimpled his smooth round cheeks. Quietly rising to his feet he tiptoed across to Pixy and sat down beside her.

For a while he observed a solemn silence; on ceremonial occasions it was not proper to broach business matters straight away. Finally he whispered:

"We have never talked about the future, Mrs. Donegall. Every time you brought me a newly discovered manuscript of a novel I was convinced it was Donegall's last one. But you probably know that it is essential for a publisher to plan a long time ahead. Therefore it would help me a great deal to know whether there is a chance of another manuscript, or perhaps several manuscripts, turning up among your husband's private papers."

Pixy's limpid brown eyes flashed a quick glance at the publisher. Then she said, demurely looking at the ground:

"It isn't impossible. There's quite a lot of papers. As a matter of fact, I've already found some pages of an unpublished manuscript, almost a whole chapter, but"—she sighed—"it's an awful lot of work to put the whole novel together!"

"When might I hope to receive the manuscript?"

"Not before the usual interval."

"In six months' time?"

"Yes, approximately."

"Would you like some money in advance?"

"We'll talk about it later. Just now I want to listen to Professor Rankin. He is discussing the development in my husband's prose style."

EACH OTHER'S

By Velta Snikere

O, there is time enough to part for ever,
Enough of time to wait a while,
Even to turn, to turn away and smile
And to observe the traps you lay me
Before you slay me.

We are each other's avenue to death.
And while some new, courageous, glorious being
Will rise from us,
We separated, poor, heartbroken fools
Will be no more.

ANŠLAVS EGLĪTIS

was born October 14, 1906 in Rīga, and his first work, a poem, called "Lord" was printed in 1926. Since then writer Eglītis has added to his credit ten published novels, ten short story volumes and seven plays.

The Latvian literary critic Vitauts Kalve says that Anšlavs Eglītis is a writer preoccupied with city life and who gives us "wholly complete" heroes: "types of a highly intellectual cast, torn between ideas; in opposition to rhetoric and praise there is satirical banter; meditation and reflection are set against the events of life . . ; psychological analysis is set against enthusiasm and exaltation."

Writer Eglītis, who makes his home in California, is the most productive Latvian author in exile. His latest novel "Malachita Dievs" (Malachite God), just published by "Grāmatu Draugs", New York, in which we find a young Latvian poet turned beatnik and a masterly portrayal of American teenagers and other personages from the learned professions, such as sculptors, professors, architects, who are all set against the exotic Mexican resort of Acapulco, beatnik cafes and other off beat places.

One of his books (Ajurjonga) has been translated into English.

By a special arrangement with The Texas Quarterly we are happy to reprint Eglītis's short story "The Best Seller", which first appeared in it, Autumn 1960, Vol. III, No. 3.

H. Atoms

Go, burn and shine but one moment! So that you would not ever regret you were only able to glow under the ashes.

Jānis Rainis

By Dr. Aleksandrs Berķis

THE DUCHY OF COURLAND

CONTINUED

During the reign of Duke James, the Duchy of Courland reached the climax of her international prestige. The chief aspirations of James' foreign policy were: to achieve a complete independence of Courland from her overlord, Poland; to prevent a war between Sweden and Poland, or at least to secure the neutrality of Courland as a buffer state in case of war between the two powers; to achieve international prestige; and to increase the territory of the duchy. During the first period of his reign (1642-1658), James came close to his aims. The duke, as an able diplomat, realized the ample opportunities afforded for starting an active foreign policy during the troubled Thirty Year's War and the decade after the Peace of Westphalia. By dynastic marriage with Louise Charlotte, sister of the Great Elector, Frederick William, he allied himself with Brandenburg. Courland's international prestige increased as follows: by neutrality treaties with France, the United Netherlands, Poland, Sweden, and Russia; by James' rank of hereditary Prince of the Holy Roman Empire in 1654; by his friendly relations and diplomatic cooperation with Prince George I of Transylvania; by friendly relations with Denmark; by his active intervention into Poland's domestic struggles and intrigues in 1648; and by his military and economic support of Charles I during the English Civil War. The climax of James' international prestige was reached after his success in convening a peace Congress in Lübeck in 1651 in order to achieve permanent peace between Poland and Sweden and his concluded neutrality treaty with the English Dictator, Oliver Cromwell, as an equal partner in 1653. Actually, he became somewhat of an arbiter among Poland, Sweden, and Russia.

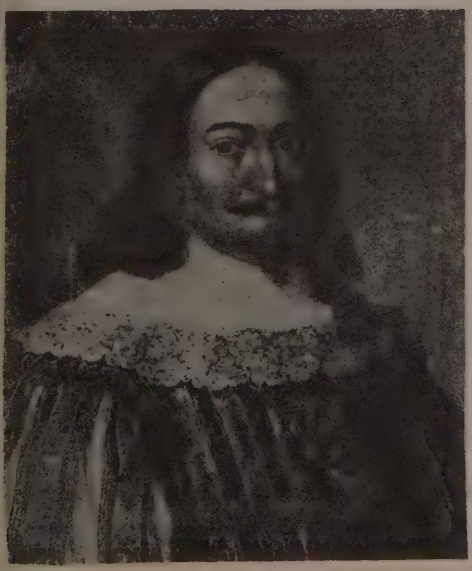
James failed, however, to create a strong standing army. During the First Northern War (1655-1660) Sweden invaded Courland (1658), captured the duke, and ruined his great life's work. Although the Peace of Oliva of 1660 restored Duke James Courland's international prestige declined after 1658. However, during the reigns of Duke James and his son, Frederick Casimir, the duchy had succeeded in reducing Poland's overlordship over Courland to an almost nominal sovereignty. The Duchy of Courland became so independent that William Penn in 1694 considered it qualified to become a member of his projected European Union.

Unfortunately, Courland became involved in the extremely ruinous Great Northern War (1700-1721). The Peace of Nystadt (1721) and the extinction of the Kettler dynasty marked the decline of the duchy and a strong Russian influence into the matters of Courland. During the 18th century, the ducal authority became very much reduced, especially during the long periods when the dukes were forced to live in exile and Duke Ferdinand (1711-1737) preferred to rule from Danzig. Only Duke Ernst Biron ruled autocratically for a short period (1737-1740). The career of Ernst Biron in an age of aristocratic rule was an example of how a man of humble origin, supported by favourable circumstances and his natural abilities, could rise to a position of the Duke of Courland (1737-1740) and the most powerful statesman of Russia (1730-1740), and finally the Regent of Russia in 1740. Although the domination of Ernst Biron in Russia represented a purely German

tendency to control the Russian government and administration, the Duke of Courland should be recognized as a progressive ruler of his age who tried to restrict the excessive class privileges and destructive attitude of the nobles in Russia and in Courland. The aspiration of Ernst Biron was to protect the peasants in Courland. Furthermore, he did his best to promote the welfare of Courland in fostering trade and industry to the benefit of the ducal state income.

The fact that the Duke of Courland was appointed the Regent of Russia disregarding the rights of the various members of the Russian royal family, made his position as regent precarious. At the same time, his foreign rule was hated by many influential Russians. Such were the factors that contributed to the fall and exile of Ernst Biron in 1740. In 1763 the exiled duke succeeded in reaching an agreement with Empress Catherine II about his restoration to the ducal throne of Courland.

It was a very difficult task to find the historical truth about the real character of Biron's rule in Russia, for the estimations of historians concerning his rule are too different. However, it should be recognized that the first period of Biron's rule (1737-1740) was the climax of Courland's prosperity during the 18th century. Regardless of the different evaluations of Biron's rule in Russia, it cannot be denied that the Duke of Courland and his Courlanders played a significant role in Russian affairs. So, even in the age of the decline of the Duchy of Courland, the little country played a historical role and exerted influence far beyond her narrow boundaries.



Duke Fridrich

Also the Birons showed a tendency to westernize Courland and to protect the Latvian peasants. However, they lacked any actual power after 1740.

The Third Partition of Poland also marked the fall of the Duchy of Courland in 1795, for Russia was strongly interested in acquiring the ice-free ports of Courland—Liepāja (Libau) and Ventspils (Windau). The fact that the Duchy of Courland existed as an almost independent state for 233 years is ample proof that the reasons for Courland's survival are to be found in its internal structure as well as in the international situation. It should be recognized that Their most lasting achievement was not all of the achievements of the Kettlers and Birons were transitory. the westernization of Courland.

The incorporation of Courland with Russia in 1795 apparently terminated the great westernization work of the dukes for nearly five generations. It was not until 1918 that Courland once more was able to reassert her independence as part of independent Latvia. Only after the fall of the Rusian chains, did the great work of the dukes obtain its full and well-earned recognition and high estimation. Only after 1918 was the new Latvian state able to continue the great westernization work of the dukes with a new vigor and splendor on a larger scale.

PROF. DR. JĀNIS ENDZELĪNS AND HIS LIFE'S WORK

By Aleksis Kalniņš, Philologist

Professor J. Endzelīns was born on February 22, 1873 in the County of Kangari (near Valmiera, Latvia). This is the area where the people speak clear Latvian and distinguish three different intonations: nasality (drown out); high falling (the low); and rise-fall (broken) pitch; which helped the professor later in his studies.

From 1893 to 1909 J. Endzelīns finds himself in Tartu University (Etsonia), where he undertakes the studies at first of the Classical, then the Slavic languages, then works as a Docent in comparative languages. Here Endzelīns starts his studies of Latvian language. In his first research work he brings to light the intonations, clarifies intonation system as such and its relation to related languages, especially Lithuanian. During this period at the university the linguist undertakes research work on question of grammar from the historical point of view; and together with linguist K. Mülenbachs begins work (during summer vacations) on a systematical study of the Latvian language's dialects. Endzelīns also shows interest in the study of old Latvian monuments. All this work later serves as the basis for his Latvian language's scientific grammar. During 1905 and 1906 Endzelīns completes an important research work on the syntax of Latvian language's prepositions.

From 1909-1920 the professor lives and works in Charkov. Besides the work in comparative languages at the University of Charkov, Russia, (in 1912 becomes a full professor) he continues to dwell into the Latvian language. Three important studies should be mentioned. In his doctorate dissertation ("Slavyano-baltyskye etyudi") Jānis Endzelīns finds that: 1. it is impossible to find a common Slavic-Baltic earlier language, maybe that there have been periods of closer contacts, but that is about all. 2. Endzelīns presents proof of Baltic origins for the Kurish tribe and language. 3. Endzelīns finishes the Scientific Grammar of the Latvian Language, which is published only later (because of the war) in the early twenties.

The Latvian Period — 1920 to Present.

Since the return to his native land, prof. Endzelīns becomes ever active in the scientific research of the Latvian language, as well as in its practical field. He publishes a score of works:

a. **The Scientific Grammar of the Latvian Language** ("Lettische Grammatik"), 1922, which is the result of long and diligent research.

b. **Lettisches Lesebuch**, 1922, is the addition to **Lettische Grammatik** containing various Latvian language texts scientifically explained.

c. **Latviešu valodas vārdnīca** ("The Dictionary of the Latvian Language," 1923.- '46. This is a Latvian-German dictionary in six volumes, containing more than 5000 pages. The dictionary had been begun by K. Mülenbachs, and after his death it was continued, edited and enlarged by prof. J. Endzelīns and his research assistant E. Hausenberga-Šturma. The second unrevised edition appeared in Chicago.

d. **Latvijas vietvārdi** ("The Names of Places in Latvia"), part I - 1922; part II - 1925). The names of the places were gathered by J. Endzelīns, his colleagues and students.

e. **Latviešu valodas skaņas un formas** ("Forms and Sounds of the Latvian Language"), 1938. This is the abridgment of "Lettische Grammatik," with additions made of the latest findings; second unchanged edition was printed in Germany after WW II.

f. **Senprūšu valoda** ("The Language of the Old Prussians"), 1943, the year of his 70th birthday! This work was based on available historical matterials and dwelt into the sounds and forms of the Old Prussian language; this work also had a dictionary. "Altpreussische Sprache" - the German edition was without the dictionary.

g. **Ievads baltu filoloģijā** ("Introduction to Baltic Philology"), 1945.

h. **Baltu valodu skaņas un formas** ("Forms and Sounds of the Baltic Languages"), 1948.

i. **Latviešu valodas gramatika** ("The Grammar of the Latvian Language"), 1951. This is "Lettische Grammatik" revised and enlarged edition in the Latvian language, containing 1100 pages.

j. **Latvijas PSR vietvārdi** "The Place Names of the Latvian SSR" , Part One, Volume One, 1956. (In alphabetical order, A — J; two more vol. are forthcoming; part two will treat some aspects of semantics and morphology.

During the first two decades in Latvia prof. J. Endzelīns greatly contributed his knowledge and efforts to the field of practical linguistics, the developent of a modern written language. Endzelīns conceived the new rules; was a member of the Terminology Commission; formed new words for general use, and stressed the clarification of Latvian language by eliminating the excessive influence of foreign languages, especially in the field of phraseology. Prof. Endzelīns and K.Mülenbachs have collaborated in the writing of two books for use in schools in the teaching of Latvian language, which have seen numerous editions.

PART TWO. **Life's Work.**

1. The work of Jānis Endzelīns chiefly deals with the Latvian language.

a. Endzelīns has researched all the branches of the Latvian language, especially the teaching of sounds and forms.

b. The studies of Endzelīns encompass the old and the present-day Latvian, i.e. the language in its development. In this study the professor makes constant comparisons with related languages, stressing Lithuanian. The research of modern Latvian language mostly is based on the extensive matterials found in dialects, word roots and spelling of old words.

c. Prof. Endzelīns has made the Latvian language available to scholars in the comparative language fields with the publication of his **Scientific Latvian Language Grammar** and **The Scientific Latvian-German Dictionary.**

d. Endzelīns has made serious research in etymology (the study of word origins).

2. **Other Baltic Languages.**

Prof. Endzelīns has made studies of Old Prussian, Kurish and Lithuanian languages, and touched upon the question of the Baltic peoples' location within the Indo-European race's nation, when they spoke a common Indo-European language.

PART THREE. **Endzelīns as a Man and a Scientist.**

Dr. Jānis Endzelīns as a man can be characterized to possess a great simplicity. Throughout his life he has been frank, truthful in dealing with others, to the point, short spoken and full of deep love for his country and his nation; unbending before the mighty and the wealthy; considerate of the poor and the humble man. As a scientist prof. Endzelīns is known by his extremely well founded and broad knowledge; by his superior memory, productivity; and by his spiritual stamina, ardent love for science and with it the quest of truth.

PART FOUR. **Expression of Thanks.**

Professor, Dr. J. Endzelīns has received many honors from his own countrymen in independent Latvia as well as from Lithuanian, Estonian, Swedish and other universities, academies of sciences, associations, The American Association of Linguists and others. In honor of J. Endzelīns there were published collections of scientific treateses.

In reality there is but one way of expressing gratitude which would be worthy of Dr. Jānis Endzelīns life's work, and that is: the constant vigil and further development of his so well and deeply studied, enriched and explained Latvian language.

Translated by Hugo Atoms

EMĪLS DĀRZIŅŠ

The beginnings of professional Latvian music, especially chorus a capella songs can not be thought of without the mentioning of E. Dārziņš.

Composer Emīls Dārziņš was born on November 3, 1875, and received a good education in St. Petersburg, Russia.

The compositions of Dārziņš were well received by the people, at times overshadowing the other two founders of this media — Jāzeps Wihtols and Alfreds Kalniņš, whose works were written on a much broader scale. Dārziņš was a talented composer, a master in his field, although he died young, nevertheless he is considered to be one of the most outstanding representatives of Latvian music.

In his very short life he composed very little: The Melancholical Waltz for orchestra; sixteen songs, each for chorus and solo. His three other orchestrations: "The Lonely Pine Tree", "Lyrical Fantasy". and "The Little Suite" have been lost altogther; we have some fragments left only from an opera "The Rosy Days."

The scale in Dārziņš' solo songs is very wide: beginning with light, love lyricism leading further to deep dramaticism and ending with the tragic. His songs reach the hearts of listeners with their sincerity, simplicity, melodiousness and truthfulness. His choise of lyrics only adds to the musical composition. E. Dārziņš is an artist-thinker. He is the first noteworthy Latvian music critic. The writings of Dārziņš teem with subject matter; he tears apart many a problem and looks at them from the ethical , aesthetical or the theoretically musical plane, reaching the universal, and therefore making his writings readable even today. E. Dārziņš at heart is a romanticist. His creative soul rebells against all artificial concotions, over-refinements in music compositions as well as in theory.

Although his song music is simple, it stands out with its uniqueness; the well measured and rhythmical words bring out the national sentiment dating back to the very past — Latvian folklore and the musicallity of the people. The Latvian folk-song, with the stress falling on the word's first syllable gives a bright touch to some of Dārziņš' solo songs. "Vēl tu rozes plūc" (You Are Still Plucking Roses) and "Mātes Dziesma" (Mother's Song) are the outstanding Latvian folk - song examples of rhythm and measured feet (trochaic and dactyl). Half of Dārziņš' composed solo song lyrics are influenced by the folk-song music, having triad intonation (chord of three tones). The simplicity of harmony only adds to the feeling of national element.

The diapason of Dārziņš' solo song melodies rarely surpasses one octave.

The piano accompaniment is rather logical, but polyphony is used also as well as organ point, which makes the music richer and more colorful.

Compiled by Alf. Kalnājs
Translated by H. Atoms

EDITORIAL COMMENT

In Behalf of J. Rainis

In our last issue we printed a guest editorial by the noted editor of magazine "Jaunā Gaita" - Laimonis Zandbergs, who, along with the majority of the organized Latvian intellectuals, supported the nomination of Jānis Rainis for the U. S. postage stamp series "Champion of Liberty." Since that time the Latvian press in exile has published some views regarding this matter, and the loosely organized American Latvian Association has carried out a written inquiry to which less than fifty persons responded to date.

When we talk about the qualifications of the nominee, the writer feels, that the men of letters should be better equipped to pass a fair judgment than the politicians. The fact is that about 250 professional writers, journalists and artists from the Latvian Writers and Press Association in exile have endorsed the nomination of poet and statesman J. Rainis together with the largest Latvian Youth Association in America, whose membership represents the best minds of the younger generation. These young men and women, most of whom are attending or have graduated from democratic higher institutions of learning in North America, can with cool detachment compare and evaluate the merits and the flows of proposed candidates. They chose the Latvian poet Rainis. Rainis united the Latvian nation and inspired her sons and daughters to libetry. His literary works are still unsurpassed; he is loved by his countrymen everywhere, because Rainis speaks to us as a true humanist, a man of light against darkness.

No lesser candidate than J. Rainis will fill the requirements for the postage stamp series "Champion of Liberty" nomination.

H. B. Atoms, Editor

READERS SPEAK...

The publishing of your magazine in the English language is a welcome undertaking, but it must be backed by a much wider material basis. Personally I must say that the choice of the magazine's name doesn't satisfy me at all, and the same has been heard from others. If the publication cares for public support, then it is necessary to take into consideration public opinion, then you will have the material and the moral support needed.

B. Albats, Gen. Secretary
American Latvian Association in US
Washington 10, D.C.

Reply to Mr. B. Albats

We are happy to know that you welcome the publishing of magazine ZINTIS. You raise the question of heeding public opinion, which then would throw open the doors of support. Frankly speaking, we sought out public opinion so that their thoughts could be considered and incorporated. Prior to the printing of the first issue, the editor, Hugo Atoms, wrote in the Latvian press asking the public to a publication, its contents, make-up and voice its wishes as to the necessity of such later even dispatched letters to Latvian writers, artists and others active in the field of culture. Only later, upon the receipt of answers to the problems raised, we proceeded to mold the face of the new publication, which encompassed the various opinions manifested by thee Latvian public. This is not the final cast, we are open to suggestions and other support. We would be more than happy if you could nominate a person of your choosing for the Editorial Board, so that he could help in improving this magazine. We realize that this type of undertaking can only grow when it receives the undivided support of the Latvians, although this magazine is published for the only purpose of informing foreigners. ZINTIS, as we have stated elsewhere before, chiefly stresses art and literature, and does not preoccupy itself with politics, because the Latvians have several publications in English whose sole aim is the airing of political questions.

Alfreds Kalnajs, Publisher
Hugo Atoms, Editor-in-Chief

RECEIVED PUBLICATIONS

..*The Undefeated Nation,* by former Prime Minister of Latvia, Adolfs Blodnieks, published by Robert Speller and Sons, New York, 1960, 312 pages, $6.00.

"Jauna Gaita", a Latvian Bimonthly for Literature, Art and Discussion of Ideas, Vol. 6, No.28,1961; Editor-in-Chief, Laimonis Zandbergs.

"California Review" — a monthly publication of the Northern California Latvian Association, Inc. Ojars Celle is the Editor-in-Chief.

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Prof. Tsutomu Fukuda

In this issue we have a poem by Prof. Tsutomu Fukuda, who is on the Staff of University of Kobe, a renown translator of Japanese literature, humanist and a poet, known by many American college publications. Presently he is translating Latvian literary works into the Japanese.

Prof. Fukuda seeks new would be publishers for his fine translations of Japanese short stories; if interested, please contact the editor of ZINTIS.

The Editor

Dr. Aleksandrs Berkis is a native of Latvia and a member of the Bar of that country. He is Associate Professor of History at High Point College, High Point, North Carolina and has his Ph. D. from the University of Wisconsin. Before coming to the U. S., Dr. Berkis was connected with the University of Latvia. His latest work, entitled, "The Land Tenure System and Its Achievements in Independent Latvia 1918-1940" has been published in the High Point College Studies, Vol.I, No. 1, Spring 1961.

ZIGURDS RITMANIS

Is a young writer, poet and journalist. He has published a short novel, short stories, poems, curently writes for Latvian publications in exile, and has joined the ranks of Contributing Editors. Mr. Ritmanis lives in Portland, Oregon.

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"Wishing the best for your noble and sympathetic work propagating Latvian culture; I say, we are proud on the success already made by ZINTIS' first issues.

Dr. Leonids Slaucitajs
Professor at La Plata University, Argentina

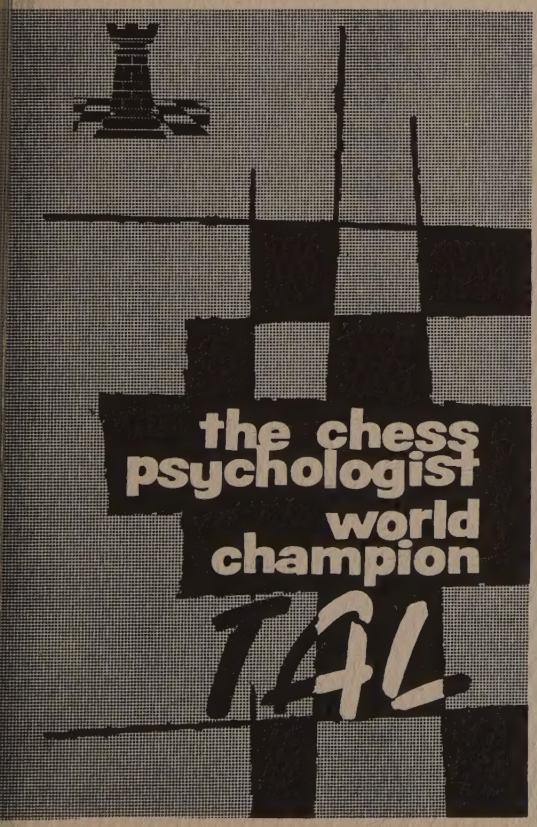
ZINTIS, the name of this magazine, is an old word of the Baltic language, it can't be translated with one word; the nearest meaning of Zintis is explained thusly: a seer having wisdom, common sense, knowledge; being a diviner, magician, sorcerer—the nation's conscience of all good, pure and lofty.

THE COVER — SYMBOLS OF LATVIAN MYTHOLOGY

row left to right: 1. "Auseklītis" (the morning star) — guardian of soldiers and ans; 2. "Laima" — good luck symbol; 3. The cross of fire; 2nd row — 1. "Māra" he embodiment of all matter; 2. the sign of the sun; 3. the sign of the moon — the ier's guide; 3rd row: 1. "Astras koks" — the holy oak — protector against evil; he fertility symbol ("Jumis"); 3. The cross symbol — protector against fire.

✸

Errata: In the article about J. Mediņš by Zaiga Ore in the previous No. following misprints on page 37 were noted: 1) J. Mediņš was a fruitful (not frugal) composer. 2) His music was influenced by French impressionists (not French romanticists).



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